

The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

Old and the New

Charles W. Bell has written in book form an essay on "The Good Old Days," which has been published by the McClurg Company, of Chicago.

The book has in it much that women, young and old, will like to read. Present days are contrasted with former days. How is this, for instance? In the Good Old Days mother was not able to play as skillful a game of progressive euchre or bridge whist as the up-to-date woman, but she was powerfully gifted in the sewing and knitting line. She may not have been able to delight audiences like a prima donna, but she could produce melodies with the frying pan and skillet.

Mysteries Past Finding Out.

In the Good Old Days girls wore sun-bonnets that were as sweet and simple as they were inexpensive. I can compute the return of Halley's comet and explain the gymnastic stunts performed by its evanescent tail; I can even compute with comparative accuracy what a small boy is most likely to do under given conditions; but I cannot tell why a young woman, married or single, or even a woman whose age is enshrouded in mystery, will gad about the streets, take horseback or auto rides in all sorts of weather, with nothing on her head but a collection of store-bought hair, while that same maiden or matron will attend church wearing a hat so large that a full grown man has to stand on the back of the bench to see the preacher. Neither can I explain why she will appear on the street with her sleeves rolled above the elbows, as if she had just been washing dishes and forgot to roll them down, while the same day she will attend a pink tea, nobody present but women, with gloves on as long as a parasol handle.

Mother and Wife.

In the Good Old Days mother made cherry, peach, pear and quince preserves, plum and apple butter, peach marmalade, blackberry and raspberry jam, nine kinds of jelly, sweet pickles, sour pickles and catsup. Nowadays a loving wife hurries home from the whist club and sets before her hungry husband a layout that includes baker's bread, canned salmon, a factory-made pie and some sliced bananas or dried prunes.

Visit the Old Homestead.

Return with me to the Good Old Days and pay a visit to the old homestead. Tender is the soil where you used to go to fish and so on in swimming. Hard by is the woodland where in your boyhood days you hunted squirrels and possums, gathered haws, wild grapes and paw-paws and dug ginseng. But what changes have taken place! The old log stable where you used to hunt eggs and have cob fights with the neighbor boys on rainy days has been torn away and replaced with a modern barn.

They Are All Gone.

The well, with its quaint windlass, has been filled up, and a clatern dug in its stead. The mulberry tree, whose luscious fruit you used to dispute with the "yaller hammer," the robin and the bluejay; the old grape vines, where you swung far out over the bluff, the cluster of periwinkles on the rocks, that you watched with longing eye, when the frost was on the pumpkin and the fender in the shock, are all gone.

The big fireplace, around which father, mother and all the children were wont to gather and eat apples, nuts and popcorn, and sing songs and hold evening devotions, has been closed up and an air-tight stove substituted.

A Lad at Mother's Knee.

As you view these changes a flood of thoughts comes over you. It seems but yesterday when you were a little boy standing at mother's knee. You can never forget her sweet face, as she sits in the old arm-chair, reading the family Bible and singing old songs.

ARTIFICIALITIES OF MODERN LIFE.

Women are not wanting whose most serious object in life is to decry the artificialities of modernity. There is the line of the noble simplicity argument, and they discuss artificiality as petty, with a big, capital P.

They Object to All.

As all artificialities are petty in a certain sense, what women who class themselves as objectors really mean is that they object to all. Their days are hedged in, from the time they get up in the morning, when they have to choose their jabots and sashes to match the bows on their shoes and the clocks on their stockings, to the shutting out of the artificialities by closing their eyes in slumber.

They might better be honest and

earnest, better say on coming down to breakfast that they have no time for habbling, that they are sick of conventions and would rather eat quickly and be off to something else. This would certainly not be affected and, if such a policy as this could be maintained throughout a whole day, women might feel that they were making a beginning toward a simplified life. They would feel that at least twenty-four hours had not been frittered away.

Will the Millennium Come Quicker?

And yet, it is a question whether the putting of the artificialities out of commission could hasten the dawn of the millennium for humankind. Women are human plants, and, like all garden plants, are set in rows, and the well being of one is rendered subordinate to the well being of all. Artificiality is employed as the sole differentiator between a garden and the wild woods. The arts, poetry, music and painting are all, in their development, conventional. The development is fixed form, and form in art corresponds to artificiality in life.

The form of art and it is as devoid of value and as unsatisfactory as a woman's life without convention. Underlying convention is the basic principle of regard for the feelings of others and a woman who does not have this regard, had as well pack her trunk and start for the desert of Sahara at once. She cannot bring all the art, science of the desert into society. She may try, but she can never succeed. Women need the disciplining and ordering of convention in their activities, which can never otherwise be brought up to the level of use and beauty. Considered as quite apart from their social value, laws and ceremonies are therefore valuable in themselves.

Doctor of the Old Days.

When all is said that can be said of the progress and prosperity of twentieth century nations there are still many women, survivors of a former generation, who can remember the days when every doctor carried his saddle-bags with him and seldom failed to administer generous quantities of calomel and quinine whenever they were called to the bedside of a patient.

These were the days when microbes were less prevalent than they are now and the bliss of Love's first kiss was not interrupted by the fear of these death-dealing foes to human life and happiness.



DEMI-TAILED FLOCKS OF LINEN, PONGEE AND TAFFETA.

L'Art de la Mod.

Picturesque and Comfortable Princess Bathing Suits

The Present Day Bathing Suits for Grown People and Children Are as Comfortable as They Are Picturesque.

In cut, the skirt is knee length.

meeting silk or lisle hose, the short skirt being much less cumbersome than the heavy trousers held in their caps, so that their own hair may be effectively and entirely hidden and protected.

Princess Model in Linen.

The princess model is used for the linen costumes, the fullness appearing in plaits below the hips. A deep sailor collar, cravat and turned-back cuffs with elbow sleeves of striped linen form a smart and harmonious finish, a nice touch being twisted jauntily about the head. Frills may this season adorn the more gorgeous costumes, and lights with stocking feet, or bloomers with little flounces, match the dress and are buttoned closely above the knee.

Belts Like Frocks.

All the bathing frocks this year have belts, and many of these are adjusted so as to produce a high-waisted effect. A black moire costume has a girlish touch with sash and old blue satin revers at the top of the bodice and for turned-back cuffs. Black silk tights, black moire sunshade and bag to hold the handkerchiefs render this costume smartly complete. All imported costumes have shoes, caps, parasols and bags to correspond. Made up in Persian silk designs, they are trimmed with black or black and white. Color touches are supplied by red in parasol, bag and cap. Shoes and stockings match the darkest shade of the costume. Gay plaid silks are generally used for head kerchiefs.

Pretty Brillinatines.

Brillinatines are very pretty this year, and are used to some extent, but the greatest care as to cut and finish has to be employed in their make-up. With such a costume should be worn the new underbodice or bust supporter of rubber, made with shoulder straps crossed over in the back. A broad piece in front has the suspenders fast-

tened to it. Sleeves are mostly of elbow length, and many women have little fringes of curls fastened in their caps, so that their own hair may be effectively and entirely hidden and protected.

Value of Silk Thread.

Costumes to undergo hard service are always sewn with silk thread, because dressmakers have come to realize that silk stitches hold and that sewing silk has no substitute. Since linen and cotton are sure to break and become worthless with wear, silk thread is, in truth, the strongest fiber yet known to science. It being used by surgeons in delicate operations, it is indispensable in electrical work, and silk-sewn. It is also used in the manufacture of shoes, being proof against the dampness which causes decay.

Elastic Thread Needed.

Yolks, corsets and other materials which are in pull at the seams need the elasticity which silk thread supplies. The fact that silk thread is too strong to be broken easily and that it is elastic is one reason why seams sewn with silk always wear better.

Importance of Diet.

According to all beauty doctors, diet is highly important, for, while many things which are forbidden a stout person will not fatten a thin one, they will have a tendency to promote the accumulation of flesh by the former class.

To the stout woman are allowed with safety beefsteak, green vegetables, salads without oil, dry toast, weak tea and water with meals. Unless she desires to increase her weight she will cut out of her bill of fare pastries, potatoes, milk and alcoholic liquors. Daily exercise and good ventilation in a woman's sleeping room will do much in reducing superfluous flesh. But in the matter of reduction it is easy to overdo, and whatever is attempted should be carried on with moderation and reference to good sense.

As to the Upbringing of a Little Child

The following discussion between a father and mother is taken from Max Heaton Vorse's book, "The Very Little Person," and will be appreciated by young matrons who are occupied in upbringing little people themselves.

One day, says the story, John came in with his customary question as to what the baby was crying about.

"She wants her mother," said Constance with pride, and took up Louise, who, according to custom, stopped crying instantly.

"Has she cried any to-day?" asked John.

"Not till now," said Constance. "You're cutting off her exercise hour, aren't you?" said John. His question had the tone of command.

"I don't like to hear her cry," replied Constance.

"No more do I," said John, "but we mustn't let our feelings spoil the health of our child." He quoted unconsciously from the book he had been reading.

"Then Constance unfolded what she had learned about Louise's little spirit. 'She's such a little baby and the world's such a big place, and she's so helpless; and, after all, she only wants a few things to eat and to sleep with regularity.'"

"And to be left alone," said John. "She wants to be held in her mother's arms. She feels when she's alone in her little crib as I would if I were drifting out in the middle of the ocean in a boat, with only a sky and sea around, and nobody to help me."

"Nonsense," said John. "She doesn't know anything about it."

And her Constance intrenched herself after the time-honored fashion of mothers.

"A mother knows better what her baby wants than any one else in the world," said she with dignity. "Oh, yes," said John, with cheerful sarcasm, "a six-weeks-old mother knows a great deal more what her child needs than the doctors, who have given it a life's study."

"Indeed she does," Constance agreed heartily. He atmosphere was becoming tense.

"She's so helpless," said Constance. "Poor little thing."

John looked at Louise, cuddled peacefully in her mother's neck, gazing with round, unseeing eyes over her mother's shoulder, in the sheer comfort of arm's warmth and the security of grown-up arms around her. John very suddenly found he had a new idea.

WHY SOME WOMEN ARE SUCCESSFUL

Women Frequently Ask the Question, if Other Women Succeed Where They Fail Because These Others Are More Industrious, Frugal and Intelligent Than Themselves.

Observation proves the contrary. Successful women, in comparison with workers are often idle, they are certainly not given over to frugality, but when their success is an established fact, they are at pains to convince the world that every step of the way leading to their goal had been carefully thought out and planned.

Not dependent on Humble Virtues. Great success may be counted then, as not dependent on the humble virtues. Women are exhorted to practice, if they so desire, common sense along with industry and frugality, but not because they are relying upon these as a means to attaining what they desire. Moreover, some of the most brilliant of women are failures, and some of the dullest and most limited have had marvellous good fortune.

Success is not to be explained as the result of any special method or methods. But it is foolish to say that it never can be due to chance, because there are a number of women surrounded with the halo of success, who possess not a single individual quality which might be pointed out as a basic reason for their advancement. Like a player at Monte Carlo, the red has turned up for them often enough to cause them to be generally accredited with gifts which they do not possess.

Only Talented for Success. So much for the chance class. There is another whose sole talent is that which points them to success. Such women are met with in every walk of life, and, as a rule, are not well-liked, because they puzzle without being interesting. If such women are housekeepers, they are models. If they are in business or professional careers, they are sure to come out ahead. But how and why? Probably the woman who is a close observer will answer that it is because they continually have the wish to succeed, where others of the march; henceforward he, too, only wish occasionally. They are pre-

occupied with the idea of success and lie awake at nights pondering it, while others have forgotten and are asleep. Looks Out for Opportunity. The woman who makes use of her single talent to become a winner is always on the lookout for opportunity and seldom fails to seize it when it is presented. The curious part of the matter is that often persons of the staidest judgment will consider the narrow margin between success and failure, with very little to hope for in the right direction. When once the direction is taken, however, everything is changed. Such disciples of success have generally pliable tempers, a rather rare attribute in the feminine sex, who are often uncomplaining in attitude, regarding conscience as a master rather than a good servant.

During one of the hill campaigns in India some years ago, a British general was disgusted with the soldier-like attitude of a young Indian rajah who accompanied the forces. He would only condescend to ride and never attempted to share the toils and labors of the march.

One day the general decided to give him a much-needed lesson. Riding with him on a very hot day, he pointed out some soldiers on ahead, pushing a gun up a long white road.

"Do you see those men?" he asked the Indian rajah.

"Yes, I see them."

"Well, one of them is the grandson of your express!"

It was gallant Prince Christian Victor who delighted to share the burden and who laid down his life later on in the South African War.

The young rajah took the lesson to heart. Queen Victoria's grandson thought it not undignified to help his brother soldiers in the weary labors of the march; henceforward he, too, would help to bear burdens.

The Gospel of Hope

When Margaret Andrews was twenty-five, she received what she thought was a call to the foreign mission field. She began training at a school in another city.

One day, says the California Advocate, she received a telegram. Her mother had met with an accident, just how serious could not at once be known. Margaret took the first train home, expecting to return in a few weeks.

Long before the weeks had passed she knew that her dream must be given up. Her mother would never be able to do anything again, and Margaret, instead of making her journey to strange lands, saw herself shut in to the duties of housekeeper and nurse.

For a year or two she bore her disappointment in silence; then she went to her pastor with it. The pastor was an old man, who had known Margaret all her life. He looked at her steadily for a moment. Then he said slowly, "You are living in a city of 200,000 people. Isn't there need enough about you to fill your life?"

"Oh, yes," the girl answered, "and I could give up the foreign field. It isn't that. But I haven't time to do anything, not even to take a mission class, and to see so much work waiting, and be able to do nothing."

"Margaret," the old minister said, "come here."

The girl followed him to the next room, where a mirror hung between the windows. Her reflection, pale and unhappy, faced her wearily.

"All up and down the streets," the old minister said, "in the cars, the markets, the stores, there are people starving for the bread of life. The church cannot reach them; they will not enter a church. Books cannot help them; many of them never open a book. There is but one way that they can ever read the gospel of hope, of joy, of courage, and that is in the faces of men and of women."

"Two years ago a woman who has known deep trouble came to me one day, and asked your name. She wanted to tell you how much good your happy face did her, but she was afraid you would consider it presumption on the part of an entire stranger. She hoped I might tell you her thought some time. Margaret, look in the glass and tell me if the face you see there has anything to give to the souls that are hungry for joy, and they are more than any of us realize. Do you think that woman, if she were to meet you now, would say what she said two years ago?"

The girl gave one glance and then turned away, her cheeks crimson with shame. It was hard to answer, but she was no coward. She looked up into her old friend's grave eyes.

"Thank you," she said, "I will try to learn my lesson and accept my mission."

Conceptions of Friendship.

Dona Melessa, in her "Makers of Sorrow and Makers of Joy," says the Greek idea of friendship is represented by the figure of a girl, with uncovered head; one hand on her heart, the other resting on an elm struck by a thunderbolt, about which a vine heavy with grapes is entwined. Her dress was high and close fitting, her attitude chaste.

The Roman conception of friendship was more complicated and modern. The girl's dress was cut a la vierge, her head crowned with myrtle and pomegranate flowers; she held in her hand two hearts enchained. On the fringe of her tunic was written, "Life and death;" on her forehead were the words "Summer and winter."

With her right hand she pointed to her left side; exposed over heart, and on it was written, "From far and near."

White Dress in Question.

A party of young people were about to explore a coal mine. One of the young ladies appeared dressed in white. A friend remonstrated with her. Not liking the interference, she turned to the old miner, who was to conduct them, and said: "Can't I wear a white dress down in the mine?"

"Yes, mum," was his reply. "There is nothing to hinder you from wearing a white frock down here, but there'll be considerable to keep you from wearing one back."

Rebald How He Loved.

Queen Ayl was a woman of marked ability, the consort of King Amenhotep III., who ruled in Egypt from 1411 to 1375 B. C.

Recently Egyptologists discovered the Queen's shrine in Thebes. It was cut out of solid rock. Approach to it was by a descent of twenty steps. It adjoined that of Ramesses I.

Around and within were all that material wealth and skill of Egyptian art could offer. The coffin itself was a superb example of the jeweler's craft, the woodwork covered with a frame of gold inlaid with lapis lazuli, carnelian and green glass.

Around the mummy was wrapped from head to foot in sheets of gold, bracelets on the arms, a necklace of gold, beads and ornaments encrusted with precious stones around the neck and the head encircled by the imperial crown of the Queen of ancient Egypt. "Behold how he loved her," can be said of King Amenhotep, whose consort Queen Ayl she was. Nothing is too precious for love to give.

To Remodel the Figure.

In order to remodel the figure without the aid of uncomfortable corsets, proper exercise, the right kind of diet and a necessary amount of sleep are invaluable. After trying this regime for some months, it is best to take from a specialist the kind of electricity required.

Most Unusual Cases.

The most unusual class of successful women are those whose good fortune is founded on absolute merit which does not need to be explained or accounted for. The world is always impressed by the thought of genuine merit coming into its reward through gradual progression and without a sacrifice of dignity, and never fails to cry aloud its applause and give unmistakable utterances to its approval.

No Hurdlesome Wedding Gifts.

These were days, also, when an invitation to a wedding didn't have to be responded to with a seventeen dollar cut-glass punch bowl, or a twenty-three dollar china dish. In such days as these a young girl could make up her bed and sweep her room without having nervous prostration and a boy could split a little kindling and carry in an armful of wood, without having a pain in his side or a headache.